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not help contrasting with my own faded suit of black, that, in spite of many reviving touches from the brush of my friend Davie Otterdown, hat manufacturer in Drumsaillach, still looked thread-bare and rusty. No—all these were beneath the attention of a sentimental traveller, who lay basking, as it were, in the very blaze of beauty. Some may be disposed to laugh at the presumption of an unfortunate biped, whose five senses are *bothered* out of him by the din of a village school, and whose utmost ambition can soar no higher than the honour of initiating some unfledged priest, or accoucheur in embryo, into the mysteries of “*propria qua maribus* ;”—but the peasant who lingers on his homeward way to gaze on the setting sun, may derive as much delight from surveying that blessed luminary as the vainest “lord of indolence and ease ;”—and, while looking on the last and loveliest work of Heaven, I feel myself on a footing with the sage, who “looks through Nature up to Nature’s God.”

Though half asleep when making these sublime cogitations, (and gentle reader, thou art perhaps in the same predicament) I was not blind enough to think, that all the women on the Mall were young and beautiful. There were some who, God save the mark, had better have been occupied saying their prayers. But there were many lovely enough to make the passing traveller sigh to think, that in his weary pilgrimage, he might never behold them again. The sweet soul of music beamed from every eye, and gave elasticity to every step ; and to use the coarse but expressive phrase of a veteran, whose brown cheek bore a “token true” of Albuera, the ladies of Armagh step freer than Andalusian jennets. But though the various groups still floated in my mind’s eye, that of my outward senses were closed ; and the hum of voices, and the notes of music, which had for some time been indistinctly blended together, now becoming altogether inaudible, I was on the point of entering, like the Prophet’s ass, into the seven-teenth heaven, when—I tumbled from my seat.

* * * *

TO MAY.

’Tis not the charm of blooming bowers,
Nor the sweet woodland warbler’s song,
Nor the bright hues of beauteous flowers
Shedding perfumes the vale along ;
While May enrobes the hills in green,
And sunbeams light the laughing sky,
And glassy lakes reflect the scene
In all its gay variety—
’Tis not the brilliant charms combined
Of these, can chase dark clouds of care
From the horizon of the mind,
If dire Misfortune fix them there.
Alas ! thy beauties, May, impart
No gladness to the blighted heart.

S.